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Bassano

Working For The American Red Cross : The Hon. Enid Paget

The Hon. Enid Paget, twenty-one year old daughter of Lord Queenborough, after serving eighteen months in the W.A.A.F., now works for the American Red Cross at the Washington Club in London. Lord Queenborough, son of the late General Lord Alfred Paget, sat as Conservative M.P. for Cambridge Borough from 1910 to 1917, and was created a baron in 1918. He has been twice married; his first wife, by whom he has two daughters, the Hon. Lady Baillie and the Hon. Dorothy Paget, died in 1916. By his second wife, who died in 1933, he has three daughters, of whom the Hon. Enid Paget is the second



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Paris

BY his tactics in Normandy General Montgomery absorbed a great deal of Germany's military strength in France and thus the landings in the South of France were made comparatively easy. It is not yet possible to forecast what the Germans will do to Paris before they make their unwilling departure. It seems unlikely that they will attempt to hold the capital. Their big problem is now the defence of the Reich, and surely all thoughts of retaining that territory which they have occupied must have been given up some time ago. General Montgomery's forces have so battered and disorganized the German military machine that it seems certain to me that they will fall back as quickly as they can, and as far as they can, in order to form a final line of defence. To stay in Paris would be very risky for the Germans, because they cannot know when the Allied forces from the north and south will join and what, if any, other landing points are contemplated. All the same, there is general expectation that the Germans will sack Paris. Everything seems to depend, however, on the speed of the Allied advance from Normandy.

Weathercock

IT is easy for any one to see which way the wind is blowing in France. Pierre Laval has proclaimed his determination to remain in Paris. He says he must be with the people of Paris whatever happens. Obviously he knows what is going to happen, for he has refused to go with the Germans. They are understood to have been very insistent that he should go with the Vichy Government to some appointed place in order to continue the struggle. But Laval is the most astute of all French politicians, and he preferred to take his chance with the victors. He says that he maintains French neutrality, which probably, he argues, might give him a basis for negotiating with the victors. I wonder what will be Laval's fate? There cannot be much hope for him. There is more hope for the aged Marshal Pétain, who insists on remaining in Vichy. It is likely that Pétain will continue to command French respect, but not Laval. His past is dark, his future is not very bright.

Waiting

GENERAL DE GAULLE is waiting to go to Paris. He might have selected Rennes, the once important capital city of Brittany, for the first seat of his Provisional Government. At one time this was contemplated, and then military events began to move swiftly, and obviously it will be more convenient for General de Gaulle and his ministers to assume their responsibilities in the capital of France, where there are skeletons of the old departments of State, if nothing else. It will be a dramatic moment for General de Gaulle when he enters Paris. It will be a justification of his past, and the struggle he has maintained since those darkest days of 1940. Pierre Laval must be wondering about his first meeting with General de Gaulle, who has represented to the world, and has been accepted by all, as the true spirit of France.

Denial

I AM glad that the authorities have thought fit to deny the silly rumours about General Montgomery. One of the silliest was that Mr. Churchill went to France especially to dismiss General Montgomery. In places where they ought to know it was said when Mr. Churchill returned that he was more than satisfied with General Montgomery's handling of matters. The fact is that Mr. Churchill knew the bold and brilliantly conceived plan for surrounding the German forces, which has since been executed with such efficiency. Those who started the rumours about General Montgomery cannot have known about this plan, and how General Montgomery proposed to fulfil it. It was never General Montgomery's



A New Appointment

The Hon. Sir Evelyn Baring, Governor of Southern Rhodesia since August, 1942, was recently appointed High Commissioner in South Africa, in succession to Lord Harlech, as well as in Basutoland, Bechuanaland Protectorate and Swaziland

idea to rush straight to Paris, as he himself has indicated since. He wanted to smash the German army where it stood, and that which he has not destroyed has been thoroughly disorganized. The Germans have been given a taste of their own medicine. They have been outmanœuvred and outgeneralled, and all they can say is that they were faced and defeated by overwhelming forces. But if the Allied forces had not been properly organized and admirably led, the Germans in the advantageous position which they held from D-Day onwards could have triumphed. General Montgomery has proved himself to be a man of iron nerve, as well as supreme efficiency. Imagine the strain he must have suffered when he was ready to put his plan into operation and the weather went bad. He had to wait a full fortnight before the weather conditions improved sufficiently to enable him



"Blood and Guts" Patton

Lt.-Gen. George S. Patton commands the American Third Army, which went into action on August 1, liberating within a week an area of France in which the normal population numbers 3,500,000

to strike. Considering that General Montgomery recognizes with every member of the War Cabinet, and with President Roosevelt and his advisers and ministers, that speed is of the greatest importance as the autumn approaches, it can be said that he has proved himself a great leader. He could have risked everything by a wrong move, or by allowing his anxieties to overcome his judgment. Instead he remained firm, and his campaign will go on record as one of the most brilliant in modern times.

Restless

IT was typical of Mr. Churchill to appear in Italy on the eve of the invasion of the South of France. We now realize also why the King flew to Italy. He went to see his forces before they embarked on another adventure, and because of Mr. Churchill's restless energy he felt it necessary to be actually on the spot when the first wave of invading forces left the mainland. Obviously the Germans must have anticipated these landings in the South of France for some time, but such is their position and the strength of the Allies that the Germans could never be sure. Even now they cannot tell where the main penetration will be made. The general assumption is that the southern forces will eventually link up with General Montgomery's armies, but where and when is problematical. The tactics adopted by the Allies in Normandy are certainly not without enterprise, cunning and determination. Presumably the campaign which has started in the South of France is General Alexander's. His brilliant campaign in Italy is almost ended with Kesselring's forces having been routed. Only their final annihilation has to be achieved, and it will not be beyond the powers of General Alexander to attend to this as at the same time he directs the advance from the South of France.

Meeting

IN Italy Mr. Churchill had his first meeting with Marshal Tito. This is a most significant development and promises well for the future. The Prime Minister has devoted a good deal of his time to finding a solution of the political complications which have arisen in Yugo-



The Knights of the Round Table Entertain Prince Olaf to Lunch in London

Prince Olaf of Norway was the principal guest at the lunch of the Knights of the Round Table Club at the May Fair Hotel. He is seen with Lord Bennett, who proposed his health, and Lord Finlay, the president. Guests included the High Commissioner for Canada and other distinguished Canadians, invited to meet the Prince



Here is the Knight Vice-President, Sir Bertram Jones, pointing out his place at the table to Lt.-Gen. Sir Edmund Schreiber, G.O.C.-in-C. South-Eastern Command. Crown Prince Olaf made a speech at the lunch in perfect English as did also Admiral Riiser Larsen, C.-in-C. the Norwegian Air Force

slavia. It was on his advice that King Peter decided on the reconstruction of his Government, and went so far as to establish contact with Marshal Tito. It is possible that soon the young King will meet Marshal Tito himself in conference. Meanwhile, Mr. Churchill has been able to impress on the Yugoslav leader the importance of his part in the liberation of Europe. It must have been an interesting meeting between Britain's fighting statesman and Yugoslavia's fighting leader, who had travelled from the battlefield to meet Mr. Churchill.

Progress

M. MICKOLACZYK returned to London from Moscow in a more optimistic frame of mind than he had when he set off to see Marshal Stalin. There is now every prospect

that in the near future the Prime Minister of the Polish Government in London will be able to go to Warsaw to resume the negotiations. Once again it is to Mr. Churchill that the credit for this first stage of progress in Polish politics should go. Obviously there are going to be some political convulsions among the Poles in the near future, but if final unity can be achieved, it will be a blessing to all concerned, not only to the Poles, but to the United Nations as a whole. Poland is a test case for the future moral and political rehabilitation of Europe. Marshal Stalin is said to realize this as much as does Mr. Churchill. So, on the shoulders of M. Mickolaczyk there now rests an even heavier responsibility than before. The opportunity is given him to use his ability and power to achieve a solution which will be satisfactory to all Poles.

Visitor

LORD GORT has been staying in London for a short leave before assuming his new duties as High Commissioner of Palestine and Commander-in-Chief there. His term of duty as Governor of Malta, which was no sinecure in the days when the island was besieged, has ended most successfully. Lord Gort, the soldier who evacuated British troops from Dunkirk four years ago, has proved himself to be an able administrator. Like Lord Wavell in India, the new High Commissioner for Palestine is now faced with grave responsibilities. The political problems of Palestine are not of the same magnitude as those of the great continent of India, but they are going to be very difficult when the war is over. They represent the arduous task which Lord Gort has undertaken.



With the W.A.C. in India

Senior Controller the Countess of Carlisle recently took over her new job as Director of the W.A.C. India. She is seen at work in her office at New Delhi, with one of her staff officers, Jun. Cdr. D. Kapila



The First Malcolm Club in France is Open

Lady Tedder, wife of the Deputy Supreme Commander, shared a joke with L.A.C.s John McGrath, Charles McDowall and Ben Jolly, and Sgt. Robert Cunningham, men of a R.A.F. airfield construction unit at work on an 11th century chateau in Normandy, now used as a Malcolm Club for men of the 2nd T.A.F. The club was opened by Sir Archibald Sinclair

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Three Of 'Em

By James Agate

She *Who Dares* (London Pavilion) appears to have had a lot of sponsors. First we are told that it is an adaptation by Maurice Clark and Victor Trives of a photo-play called *The Girl from Leningrad*, by Messrs. Aben Kandel and Dan James. I think if I had been Mr. Gregor Rabinovitch, the producer, or either of the co-directors, Fedor Ozep and Henry Kesler, I should have said: "My dear James, is it worth the Kandel?"

It is the old, old story of the hospital nurse and the wounded hero. The nurse on this occasion is Anna Sten, and the wounded hero the American Kent Smith, an airman who has somehow got himself mixed up in the Russian war before America comes in. Kent looks like losing the use of his legs, but love for Anna restores that use, which he puts to no immediate purpose, romantically speaking, since it seems he has to go back to America while Anna has to go on nursing in and around Leningrad. They promise each other that they will meet after the final victory.

This is one of those films in which nurses, not being the heroines, die in the snow without a hair out of place and with the make-up appropriate to the look of beatification. When they are not dying, they are singing choruses. Do they do any nursing? Except in the matter of holding soldiers' hands, not so that you would notice it.

If you want something completely and escapefully restful, go and see *Home in Indiana* (Odeon). It is in Technicolor and is all about horses, a boy who at first prefers horses to girls, then divides his affection equally among the girls and the horses, an ex-owner of horses—all the horses in this film are trotting-ponies which trot round lovely green clean courses and run races—a rival present owner of horses, several girls who tend the horses, drive the horses, and, on one occasion, even superintend the delivery of a foal. This foal, which is called Maudeen Four, has a dam which is blind, and young Maudeen is stricken with the same affliction after winning a race.

Of course there are oceans of love-making in and around and about and out of the stables. The boy's fancies are divided between a sophisticated schoolgirl (June Haver) and a simple maiden with the plebeian nickname of Char (Jeanne Crain). Neither of these ladies, who are advertised as playing their "First Featured Rôles," is very remarkable, and there were times when I failed to see much difference between the sophisticated lass and the unsophisticated one. They certainly both kissed the boy with equal fervour, and took exactly the same number of seconds to carry out the embarrassing operation. The boy is of different calibre. He is also a newcomer to the screen and his name is Lon McCallister. I like him immensely. He has the most natural

manner, and is just as awkward and clumsy and hobbledehoy as a young colt from the Middle West is supposed to be. And the fact that he is made love to instead of making love himself will delight the ladies in the audience and infuriate their husbands.

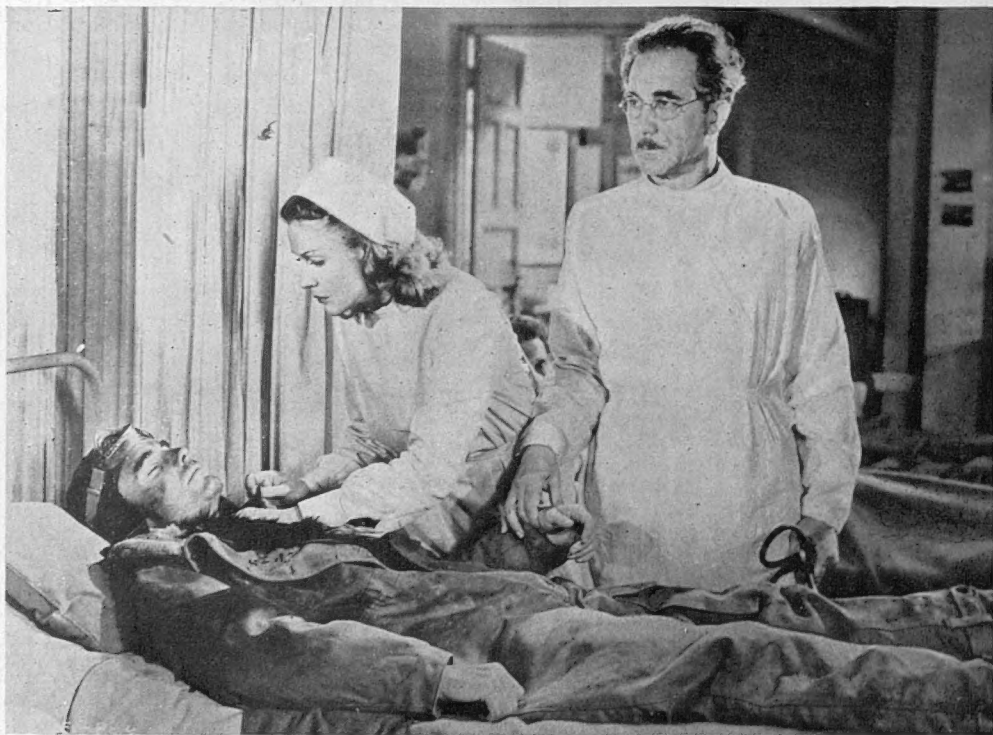
The slender framework of this film is firmly propped up by those two seasoned players Walter Brennan as the ex-horse owner, and Charlotte Greenwood as his wife. Charlotte must be an excellent cook. Our mouth watered when we saw those huge breakfasts, those Gargantuan dinners and those succulent suppers. How we wished ourselves in Indiana in a village where no single slice of Spam, Pram, or Stram is to be seen the whole day long. Let me say at once that the film is blessedly pre-war, that the Indiana scenery is entrancing, and that if I am to award a prize for the best acting in the picture, I unhesitatingly give it to Miss Maudeen Four, whose whinneying is a lot more articulate than the neighing of her trainers and keepers.

Am I mistaken in my recollection of Jane Withers some years ago as a child of not unattractive homeliness of feature, an arresting gawkinsness, and considerable acting talent? I am probably wrong, since I have no mental film-luggage. If I am right, Jane has grown since then. She is now a young woman, the unclassical features have assimilated themselves to the conventional Hollywood smile, the gawkinsness has become an attractive gaucherie, and the acting has given place to singing and dancing. And more's the pity.

Jane is the singing and dancing star in the new "musical," *My Best Gal* (Tivoli), and from parting to closing of curtains we are not allowed to forget it. The dancing, of that spasmodic kind so beloved by our transatlantic friends, is well enough; but the singing, if I may be frank, calls for no comparison with a Jeannette Macdonald or a Deanna Durbin. Jane hath a harsh voice, I fear; a strident, blatant, even unmusical voice. Jane's *forte* is very forte; while her *piano* is better in intention than execution. But let not too much blame be given to Jane; for the music she has to sing is of that typically inane and cretinous kind which decent singing would ruin. The name of the composer is withheld from the synopsis. He should be grateful.

The story, which is the merest framework for Jane's mimetic, Euterpean and Terpsichorean ebullitions, is of the slightest. How a young man about to join the Forces (Jimmy Lydon) writes a musical comedy, how he rehearses it with a bunch of frenzied Bacchantes of both sexes, how a theatrical producer (George Cleveland) buys the piece on condition that the Bacchantes don't take part, how Jimmy consents to this and pockets an advance fee of fifteen hundred dollars with which he pays for an expensive doctor to cure Jane's ailing grandpa (an ex-dancer who has outflung his legs in the middle sixties), how he is set on the way to recovery, how Jimmy joins up and, as one of his first military duties, conducts his work at his camp with the full co-operation of Jane and the Bacchantes. That is all. And, I think enough.

This is a midget film; it only lasts sixty-six minutes, which, I hasten to add, is greatly in its favour. It is quite well acted. Jimmy Lydon is also homely of feature, but he has a taking boyish manner and gives one the impression that he isn't acting at all but is just his nice self. The character parts are in good hands. Frank Craven as the overdanced grandpa, Fortunio Bonanova as the Italian restaurant-keeper, and Franklin Pangborn of the gutta-percha face—all these are excellent.



The Love Story of a Russian Nurse and an American Airman (London Pavilion)

"*She Who Dares*" presents another drama of Russian courage. The girls who cared for the wounded in the dark days of the Nazi advances were both soldier and nurse. They were in the front line fighting side by side with their men. The story is of Natasha (Anna Sten), commander of a group of nurses, of her meeting with John Hill (Kent Smith), a wounded American airman brought down over Leningrad, and of the love which developed between them. Seen above are Kent Smith with Anna Sten and Manart Kippen, who plays the heroic Russian surgeon

Literary Immortal

Mark Twain:
America's
Beloved Genius

● Samuel L. Clemens was born in a two-room cabin in Florida, in November, 1835. He grew up in Hannibal and achieved his earliest ambition when he was made chief pilot of a Mississippi steamboat. From pilot he progressed to printer, to reporter, duellist and gold-digger until suddenly he found fame thrust upon him when he wrote an article describing the Missouri frog-jumping contest. He changed his name to Mark Twain and from then on, tasting good fortune and bad, success and bankruptcy, he lived to become world famous as one of America's greatest humorous writers. The story of his life as a cradle-to-grave biography is told in *The Adventures of Mark Twain*, a Warner Brothers picture which opens at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, on Friday

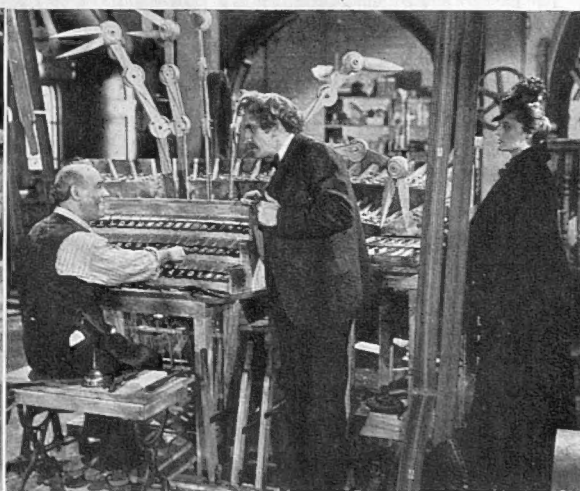


Sam Clemens makes his name as a writer by describing the Missouri frog-jumping contest. He adopts the name Mark Twain (meaning "safe water") and goes east on a lecture tour. While on this tour he meets Olivia Langdon (Alexis Smith) to whom he is shortly married

The earliest ambition of Samuel L. Clemens, who later became world famous as Mark Twain, was to pilot a Mississippi River boat. His dream came true. "I loved the profession," he wrote, "and took a measureless pride in it." Here Fredric March impersonates the great writer in his young days



The frog-jumping competition is still held annually in Missouri and champion frogs are bred there. Here Chester Conklin is seen as the judge



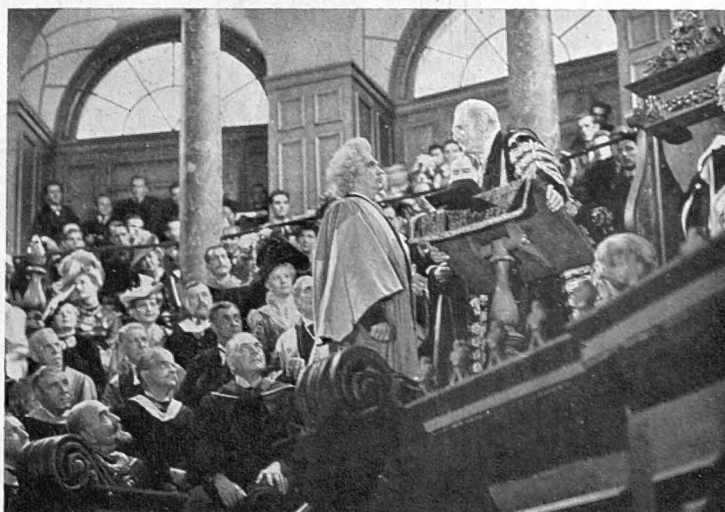
Mark Twain, now a famous author, decides to give up writing and settle down to a business career. He branches out as a publisher



The death of their only son and heir is a terrible blow. Only the unfailing loyalty of his wife persuades Mark Twain to go on writing



The famous Boston dinner party at which Mark Twain offends fellow authors by his humour, which is construed as an ill-mannered attack on the literary giants, is reconstructed on the screen. This was one of the most humiliating experiences of Twain's life



Oxford University bestows on Mark Twain the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature. Here Sir Aubrey Smith impersonates the Chancellor, Lord Curzon. Soon afterwards Mrs. Twain dies in Italy

The Theatre

"Keep Going" (Palace)

By Horace Horsnell

WHEN Pallas Athene sprang full-armed from the brain of Zeus, she gave an example of monogenesis which revues, with rare exceptions, have been chary of following. The purveyors of such entertainment would seem to favour the "safety in numbers" watchword, rather than the "too many cooks" alternative. At any rate, the average modern revue is apt to be a very communal creation.

To readers who are interested in such matters, the programme of *Keep Going* provides some relevant statistics. The begetters of this new entertainment at the Palace are legion. Miss Betty Astell, who is credited with having "devised, written and composed" it, has had the assistance of many collaborators—extra lyricists, musicians, dancing, decorative and sartorial experts; and to have successfully marshalled and incorporated the services of such a galaxy of artistic auxiliaries must have been an undertaking calculated to exercise the tact and ingenuity of a major-domo of a royal household.

As with masterpieces of the legitimate stage, highly successful revues have been single-handed creations so far as words and music were concerned; but these are the exception, not the rule. Moreover, such one-man businesses are usually more intimate in type and appeal than those devised for large popular theatres like the Palace, where the spectacular element is of prime importance. In estimating the relative quality of the ingredients of this good-humoured, brightly decorated, and essentially popular entertainment, it would be unfair to be too pedantic.

Keep Going lives up to its titular slogan, and covers a bright, brisk, and not embarrassingly original journey through well-explored revue territory. The sketches serve, even if they are unlikely to make, theatrical history. The lyrics and dances are in the current mode and may not set the æsthetic dovescots fluttering. The scenery is admirably suitable, and the devotion to duty of those storm troops, the

scene-shifters, is highly commendable. Judged by and large, the technical side of the show is beyond criticism.

The performers range from Miss Astell herself, who puts her pretty talents to interpretative as well as creative use, to Miss Phyllis Monkman, whose highly professional resource nothing, from glittering orchidaceously



Phyllis Monkman and Cyril Fletcher as two of the "Works Wonders" in a workers' playtime interlude

as Helen of Troy to the knockabout rigours of low comedy, dismays.

Such a programme, which has twenty-three miscellaneous items, does not encourage loitering, and the pace is lively. It is also something of a lottery. The wheel keeps spinning, but lucky numbers are naturally not invariable. Affinities between *Keep Going* and *Sweeter and Lower* may suggest themselves, but they might not flatter either show. And it is



Betty Astell and Wilfred Johns in "Waltzing In A Dream"

possible that the same audience would not see comparable virtues in both. The wit that is so salient, not to say spiteful, a feature at the Ambassadors, does not intrude at the Palace, where even the humour has its reserve. And while the décor by Mr. Berkeley Sutcliffe is both clever and gay, and has its Palladian reflections, the concerted dancing is apt to be darkened at times by a kind of expressionist symbolism that seemed to me more pretentious than successful.

THE sketches are easy-going. Miss Monkman gives considerable pleasure with the realistic pathos she extracts from "Air Mail," a monologue written by clever Nicholas Phipps, and her urban barmaid rusticating is likely to be thought a scream. Miss Lulu Dukes dances a deft, delightful *pas seul* that would distinguish any such programme. She has style, grace, and a charming vivacity.

Mr. Cyril Fletcher's radio admirers will reciprocate the pleasure he himself appears to feel in meeting them in the flesh; and Mr. Billy Tasker brings to tasks that do not always very generously reward it, a cheerfully disarming versatility. From the highwayman hold-up on the moonlit heath that introduces the members of the company, to the valedictory muster on the limelit staircase at curtain fall, the kaleidoscope shifts its patterns with celerity; and to scrutinize them in critical detail might be to give pessimists of the "too-many-cooks" persuasion an unfair advantage over the "safety-in-numbers" optimists. It takes all sorts to make a wartime revue.



Roberta Huby and Guy Fielding dance and sing in a romantic number "Music In The Moonlight"



Lulu Dukes dances her way through "Chapeaux"; Avril Angers, Roma Milne and Billy Tasker join in "Radio Agincourt"

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Arriving at his home in Kent, Lawrence Vining (Ralph Lynn) carries his newly-wed wife, Rosemary (Faith Rogers), over the threshold. They are welcomed by the family butler, Hemming (Robert McLachlan)



The first evening at home is somewhat disrupted by the arrival of Lawrence's first wife, Yvonne (Enid Stamp-Taylor). According to Yvonne, Lawrence has married Rosemary bigamously. She wants a big sum of money to keep quiet about the affair

Photographs by J. W. Debenham

Is Your Honeymoon Really Necessary?

A Farcical Comedy at the Duke of York's

● Vivian Tidmarsh's farce *Is Your Honeymoon Really Necessary?* is a light-hearted, farcical comedy—all about a man who marries a second wife before being properly divorced from his first, and consequently finds himself in for blackmail. Ralph Lynn is the producer as well as the erring husband; Enid Stamp-Taylor the wickedly glamorous wife No. 1



In the blue bedroom, Yvonne sets out to enjoy herself, to the consternation of Betterton, whose sole interest in life so far has been the collection of rare stamps



Lawrence enlists the help of his old bachelor friend, Betterton (Vernon Kelso), to ease the situation. He tells Rosemary that Betterton and Yvonne are husband and wife, which leads to further complications when bedtime comes



Next door in the pink bedroom an equally unhappy situation has arisen. Uncertain whether he is truly wed to Rosemary, Lawrence decides to spend the night in the arm-chair—an arrangement which does not altogether fit in with Rosemary's idea of honeymoon nights



Dining à Deux

Swaebe

Mrs. Sandeman was being entertained to dinner at the Bagatelle by W/Cdr. Harries on a recent evening. He has the D.S.O., D.F.C., with two Bars, and the Croix de Guerre



An Evening Out

Swaebe

Capt. Cecil Kerr and his wife were dining together at a favourite London dance haunt not long ago. Mrs. Kerr is a sister of Lady de Clifford and of the late Lady Kinnoull



Lady William Scott, chatelaine of Eildon Hall, St. Boswells, where the fête was held, is seen in the grounds with her four daughters



The fête at Eildon Hall was opened by the Duchess of Roxburghe, and was in aid of the Y.M.C.A. In this picture are Mrs. M. Scott, Lady Fraser-Tyler, Col. the Hon. F. C. Montgomery, Lady Isobel Scott and Lady Stratheden and Campbell

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Royal Visit to the R.C.A.F.

BEFORE leaving London for their usual short holiday in the country, the King and Queen took Princess Elizabeth to pay her first visit to a Canadian air station. Every Canadian, from Air Marshal L. S. Breadner, the A.O.C.-in-C. of the R.C.A.F. Overseas downwards, was highly delighted at the King's gesture, and everyone, especially the many who had previously met or seen the King and Queen when their Majesties were in Canada just before the war, was tremendously pleased at the opportunity of meeting Princess Elizabeth. The Princess wore a dress and coat of soft dove-grey with matching gloves, navy blue shoes, and a new style hat of navy blue straw, shaped to fit the head closely, with a narrow bandeau of gay-coloured flowers at the front. Princess Margaret could not, unfortunately, be there; she had developed a slight chill which kept her at home, but the Queen promised that on the very next opportunity that offers, the younger Princess—whose fourteenth birthday was on Monday last—shall make a special visit to the Canadians.

Accompanying the Royal party were Sir Eric Miéville, Lady Delia Peel and Col. Dermot McMorrough Kavanagh. Sir Eric was looking remarkably fit and fresh after his strenuous tour of Italy with the King and acted as "deputy Lord Chamberlain" at the series of open-air Investitures which the King held at the stations visited,

Stay-at-Homes

LONDON is noticeably emptier these days. With the King and Queen and most of the Royal Family out of town, the Prime Minister on yet another of his remarkable tours of the battle-fronts and the House in recess, the clubs and many of the restaurants have closed to give overworked staffs a well-deserved rest, and London has been emptier in recent weeks than in any August since pre-war days. The call of "the Twelfth" restored to its normal

place in the calendar this year took every sportsman lucky enough to have leave, an invitation to a grouse moor, and perhaps rarest of all, some cartridges to shoot with, to the North, and every train from King's Cross and Euston was packed.

Even so, it is still possible to meet quite a number of well-known people in the course of a morning stroll in the West End. Mr. C. R. Attlee, the Deputy Prime Minister, seemed to be bearing the weight of his responsibilities in the absence of his chief with commendable good spirits and calm, when I saw him strolling in the brilliant sunshine, and other "stay-at-homes" met in the course of the day included Lord Templemore, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton and Sir James Grigg, the War Minister, who has more preoccupation in these days than most people. Another figure was the sturdy, thick-set Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, conqueror of the Scharnhorst, who was enjoying a very short leave before departing to take up his new and vital appointment as Commander-in-Chief the Eastern Fleet.

Ascot Meeting

WHILST we in Southern England have been holding down German divisions by dodging the buzz-bombs, the two distinct and sorely-felt shortages have been those of racing and beer. Both, we hope, are at an end. At any rate, a huge and thankful crowd flocked to Ascot and enjoyed a grand day's racing (ten races and still ready for more) in grilling sunshine. A racecourse is the one place where one hardly hears a single reference to Hitler's VI. First things first, and the whole thing pales into insignificance beside the problem of whether to bet as if there were no settling on the first or second favourite or should one have a crack at that whispered-about outsider at 100-8.

It was a day of doubles for big owners. Sir Malcolm McAlpine won with Historic and First Edition, and Lord Astor, who broke a

(Concluded on page 248)



Clapperion

Georgina and Charmian, Lord and Lady George Scott's two small daughters, shared a donkey. George Summers, the veteran Buccleuch huntsman, kept an eye on them



The Coat-of-Arms of Princess Margaret

H.R.H. Princess Margaret Rose

The King's Younger Daughter
is Fourteen This Week



Princess Margaret in Girl Guide Uniform

● Princess Margaret Rose celebrated her fourteenth birthday on August 21st. Four years younger than Princess Elizabeth, with whom she shares many interests and activities, Princess Margaret made her first speech in public a short time ago, when she received purses at the Princess Margaret Rose School for girls at Windsor. Both Princesses are Girl Guides, members of the 1st Buckingham Palace Company, which they joined in 1937. This year the King approved Coats-of-Arms for his daughters; that of Princess Margaret is shown on this page. The label has the centre point charged with the thistle and each of the others with the Tudor Rose



At the Piano

Photographs by the Hon. M. W. Elphinstone



Here are Lord Westmorland, Mr. John Stanley and Mr. L. H. Taylor on foot, and in the trap Canon Gibbs, the well-known hunting parson, with Mrs. Gibbs and his daughter, Sheila



The Best Private Driving Turn-out was won by the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce with Fleetwood Currency



The Duchess of Beaufort presented two cups, won by John Powell, for the Queen Mary Stakes and for the Children's Jumping, both events for under fourteens

Bank Holiday at Badminton

Pony Races and Gymkhana

Badminton Pony Races and Gymkhana were held on August 7th in aid of the Red Cross and other charities. With Queen Mary and the Princess Royal as spectators, Princess Alexandra a prize-winner, and glorious weather as well, the day was a huge success. Stewards were the Duke of Beaufort, Lady Blanche Douglas and Baron F. de Tuyl, while the Earl of Westmorland was the starter, and Mrs. S. A. Cuff the very efficient hon. secretary



Three young people there were Mr. Colin Foyle-Jameson, Miss Caroline Tremayne and the Hon. Julian Fane, Lord Westmorland's younger son

Photographs by Swaebe



Seventeen-year-old Lord Bathurst was leading his nice-looking flea-bitten grey Whiteface



Lady Apsley, M.P., was an interested spectator enjoying the sunshine at the show



Miss Jennifer Howard-Langton sat with the Hon. George Bathurst, Lord Bathurst's younger brother



A competitor for the Best Private Turn-out was Mrs. Sam Hartigan with her mare Polly



The Duke of Beaufort and his sister, Lady Blanche Douglas, were two of the stewards



Sir James Douglas, son of Lady Blanche Douglas, sold programmes



Lord Knutsford gave the third prize for the Children's Riding event (for children under twelve) to Princess Alexandra of Kent



Lord Westmorland had a well-earned long drink between his spells of duty as starter for the pony races



Sheltering from the brilliant sun behind her parasol, Queen Mary watched the proceedings with the Princess Royal from a farm-wagon

(Continued on page 245)

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

FARMERS are protesting loudly at not being consulted by the Government before the recent decision to extend Double Summer Time to September 17, and farmers are bang right.

You City slickers deem yourselves to be the hub of the Universe, whereas if it weren't for us of the Hick Belt you'd starve. And continual Double Summer Time makes it difficult for us to feed your noisy maws, since cows and poultry and all dumb chums concerned work by normal or Greenwich Time. As a poet remarked the other day in verse which should be immortal:

*Said the beaming Astronomer-Royal:
"Bydam but these hayseeds are loyal!
If it's not hallmarked 'Grinnidge'
They treat it as spinnidge,
These exquisite sons of the soyal!"*

Moreover, grabbing extra time, a trick you deem to have been invented by the ingenious Mr. Willett in his Sloane Square office a few years ago, is much older than that. A knowledgeable chap told us once that in the 1790's the chief clock at Stonyhurst insisted on being an hour fast throughout whole summer, and in consequence everybody at Stonyhurst was given an extra hour for games after supper, and liked it. But this was purely a school concession and didn't affect the rural population.

It's a difficult problem, we admit, but you shouldn't rush us. When rushed we clods turn awkward and nasty. When you

see us glancing stealthily sidelong like an animal and spitting, run.

Odd

UNLIKE most bedroom farces, the new bedroom farce at the Duke of York's is said to be amusing. No embittered resentment sours the audience, apparently. This novelty would have caused some envy among the boys and girls at the pre-war Palais-Royal in Paris, and maybe will do so again. For Palais-Royal bedroom farce has never changed since the 1840's or thereabouts, and never will.

Why the regular Palais-Royal first-night audience goes to that theatre nobody knows. Anyone can see it is savagely bored long before the curtain rises. In the intervals between the acts it glowers and grinds its teeth and meditates murder. When Monsieur Patapouf is found by his wife under Lulu's bed in Act I. you can hear muffled growls of despair and fury from the stalls. When the Monsieur Très Bien is chased by the Dame Nue in Act II. and everybody pours in and out of Zizi's bedroom—M. Patapouf, M. Bompignol, Alphonse, the Vicomte, Zizi, Lulu, Toto, Jojo, Rara, the Agent de Police, Victor, the Garçon de Café, the Vieux Monsieur Distingué, the Vicomtesse, Mme. Patapouf, Mme. Bompignol, six firemen, three concierges, and the rest of them—it seems touch-and-go to the observer whether the overwrought audience rises and



"From all these operations, none of our Generals is missing"

massacres the actors on the spot. Yet when the run of this farce (maybe *Ca Y Est, Coco!*) is finished, the same audience will roll up for the first night of a new one (maybe *Là, Là, Lolotte!*) exactly similar. Enigma.

Chum

THAT row among Auntie Times's ferocious little heraldic readers apropos Princess Elizabeth's new coat of arms, on the question whether unicorns have beards, has already led some frivolous scribbler to suggest that Heralds' College should organise a unicorn-hunt and find out.

The snag, as most students of this dumb chum are aware, is that the unicorn is the very devil to catch. He is large, strong, and cruel, and lives in caves in Libya, and there is only one way of catching him, namely by allowing a young and blameless virgin to approach his cave. If her reputation is unspotted, the unicorn will trot out, lay its head in her lap, and peaceably await the captors; but if her reputation bears the slightest spot, the unicorn kills her. Heralds' College is therefore in a damnably embarrassing position, socially speaking. You can almost hear Mauve Portcullis or Wyvern Poursuivant ringing up a Mayfair dowager on the return from Libya, covered with confusion.

"Er—I'm afraid—er. Hrm, hrm."

"Anything happened to Babs?"

"Er—torn to pieces, I'm afraid. A unicorn—you know."

"One moment."

(Concluded on page 238)



"I should find life here much more pleasant, Robson, if you wouldn't use the expression 'speaking as one man of the world to another'"

First Sighters

At Two London
Film Premieres



Right: Lady Leathers, wife of the Minister of War Transport, and the Marquess of Donegall were at the first performance of "The White Cliffs of Dover" at the Empire Cinema



Below: Others who saw "The White Cliffs of Dover" were Major the Hon. Leslie Leathers, Lord Ebbisham and the Hon. Frederick Leathers



Left: Two people at the first performance of "The Story of Dr. Wassell" at the Carlton Cinema were Lord Winster and Lady Brownlow



Right: Viscount Hinchinbrooke and Capt. Blacklock were two more who attended the Empire premiere



Left: Rear-Admiral C. H. J. Harcourt, Naval Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, brought his wife to see "The Story of Dr. Wassell"



Left: Viscountess Greenwood, D.B.E., in St. John uniform, came to the Carlton Cinema with her younger son, the Hon. Eric Greenwood



Lady Ebbisham, at "The White Cliffs" premiere, was talking to the Hon. Mrs. E. N. Evans, Lord Leathers's only daughter

Standing By ...

(Continued)

(Here the voice of the dowager is heard saying: "Parker, the silver is disgraceful!" "Yes, Ma'am." "Well, make Rapson clean it again." "Very good, Ma'am." The voice then returns.)

"Well, what about this unicorn nonsense?" "Well—er. Hrm. Chrm. We—er—thought she—er. Hrm."

"You knew Babs was engaged to a Rugger International?"

"Well—er. Hrm."

"More fool you for taking her. Goodbye." (Click.)

An Old Roedean ice-hockey threequarter would be a safe bet, but she'd probably tear the unicorn in half, out of sheer *joie-de-vivre*. A problem.

Mayor

KARL GOERDELER, recently Mayor of Leipzig, for whose blood Himmler is seeking, is evidently one of the more valuable mayors, judging by that price of £50,000 on his head. Thousands of municipal paunches must quiver with gratification at the thought.

Few mayors are worth £50,000 to their burgesses, we guess, barring one or two heroic ones like Burgomaster Max and the present Mayor of Warsaw, and possibly an historic one or two like Whittington and the great Montaigne, whom the citizens of London and Bordeaux respectively much appreciated. The case of E. F. Benson, Mayor of Rye, is rather a mystery. Having mercilessly satirised the Beau Monde of Rye in his diverting *Miss Mapp* novels, Benson occupied the mayoral chair with insolent grace and aplomb, and his life was never once in danger, apparently, from furious colonels and savage maiden ladies. Yet a burgess of Rye knifed an 18th-century mayor, Mr. Grebell, one dark night for nothing at all (the chains they hanged him in are still on view). Possibly there was a Lamb House Plot, detected in time by Benson's personal bodyguard? We must inquire some time.

Footnote

IF we were an eminent booksy boy living in an English village and given to guying the locals we'd keep a sharp lookout for old

ladies sticking pins in wax dolls and muttering, to begin with. Long-distance black magic is the first thing we think of in the rural areas. Brr!

Contretemps

THOSE sunshiny news-stories about how matey and chatty the Race is getting in wartime, how the social ice is being shattered everywhere, and so forth, remind us of one of our favourite true stories, about six British winter sports addicts who fell down a Swiss crevasse by accident. As only two of the party knew each other, being mother and daughter, nobody spoke for 48 hours. On the third evening a voice said suddenly: "Jolly rotten luck, this, what?" Nobody answered. Next day the same chatty outsider said to one of the other chaps: "I think your cousin was with me at Harrow?" There was no reply. Two days later the highnosed matron said to her frosty-faced daughter: "The Faughtaughtons and dear Lady Pamshott must be wondering where we are," to which her daughter replied: "Yes, Mumsie, so must the Canon." After that nobody spoke for another 48 hours, after which the same chatty Old Harrovian voice as before, but a little dashed, said: "I wonder if that would be dear old Canon Humdinger?" There was no reply, and after some 18 hours more of absolute reticence a rescue-party arrived and pulled them all out.

They then returned to the hotel, sedulously cutting the Old Harrovian, and Life resumed its normal course. This story has no bearing on the matey news-items aforesaid, but is just fascinating in itself.

Magnet

THAT recent plague of flying ants which invaded Croydon (Surrey) and settled



"We were playing here first!"

in large numbers on the citizenry has not yet been explained by any knowall on the Press. Our solution is that the spiritual beauty of the Surrey Pan dazzled and lured these tiny winged chums as inevitably as a lighthouse does birds.

Croydon (Surrey) is world famous for the beauty of its citizens. Its picturesque street are usually thronged with artists busily at work, and many well-known Croydon girls have been painted by masters. A Croydon estate-agent was the model for the dead Conde de Orgaz in El Greco's marvellous canvas, and that girl in "September Morn" standing coyly kneedeep in a lake or pond is a typical Croydon nude.

Discussion

EXACTLY when the familiar domestic cry "You can't possibly go out dressed like *that*!" was first uttered, a sob-sister recently dealing with this matter didn't seem able to state.

Undoubtedly Pakeolithic Man was the first to hear it. The conversation proceeded:

"Why not?"

"It's perfectly frightful! That bearskin! That hat!"

"Well, that chap who does squiggles on mammoth-tusks down the valley wears a thing like this, and nobody minds."

"A writer! A Bohemian! Do you want people to think you've joined the Savage Club?"

Eight out of ten pakeolithic men changed their hat and bearskin at once, the ninth gave her a healing whang with a club and changed the subject, and the tenth, the born Bohemian, went on doggedly wearing his abominable hat, little dreaming that in æons and ages to come this very model would be known as the Agate Petasus (lid or mitre), awaking embarrassed reverence in Fleet Street and purging the theatre world with awe and terror.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Don't be so ridiculous, Captain Harrington; you surely don't think I walked all the way up to this little snuggery just to watch you shoot?"



S/Ldr. J. T. Shaw, D.S.O., D.F.C., now commanding a Mustang squadron, comes from Adelaide, South Australia. He joined No. 3 Fighter Squadron in 1940, commanding No. 32 Fighter Squadron in 1942-43, and has completed 900 hours operational flying.



S/Ldr. D. F. Westenra, D.F.C., is an Irishman born in New Zealand, and a relative of Lord Rossmore. He has fought with the R.A.F. in Greece, Crete, the Western Desert, Tunisia, Sicily and Italy, and now commands a Mustang squadron in Normandy. His home is Canterbury, New Zealand.

Men of the Tactical Air Force

Portraits by Olive Snell



W/Cdr. Robin Johnston, D.F.C., another Irishman, was born in South Africa. He left Tanganyika in August 1940 to fly with the R.A.F., and was in command of the 73 squadron in the Desert when times were hard and fighters few. He is now leading a Mustang wing. He is a brother of Mrs. Woodbine Parrish.



W/Cdr. C. F. Currant, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, has served in Fighter Command since January 1937. Commissioned in 1940, he fought in the Battle of Britain and was awarded the D.F.C. and bar. In command of the 501 squadron in 1941-42, he won the D.S.O. and later formed one of the first airfields in 2nd T.A.F., which he now commands.



On the set at Gainsborough Studios, James Mason, in make-up, discusses his role in "A Place of One's Own" with author Osbert Sitwell

The James Masons at Work and Play

The Young British Film Actor and His
Clever Wife at the Studios and at Home



The Masons talk over the work of the day with Director Bernard Knowles, ex-cameraman now working on his first directorial assignment



One of the film star's chores is feeding the chickens. He is supervised by Mrs. Mason and one of the household cats



The ducks are an important part of the family. They have their own private swimming pool in the shape of an old bath tub



Mrs. Mason frequently visits the studios during filming. She helps her husband to rehearse difficult scenes, and is seen here listening to a final run through his lines



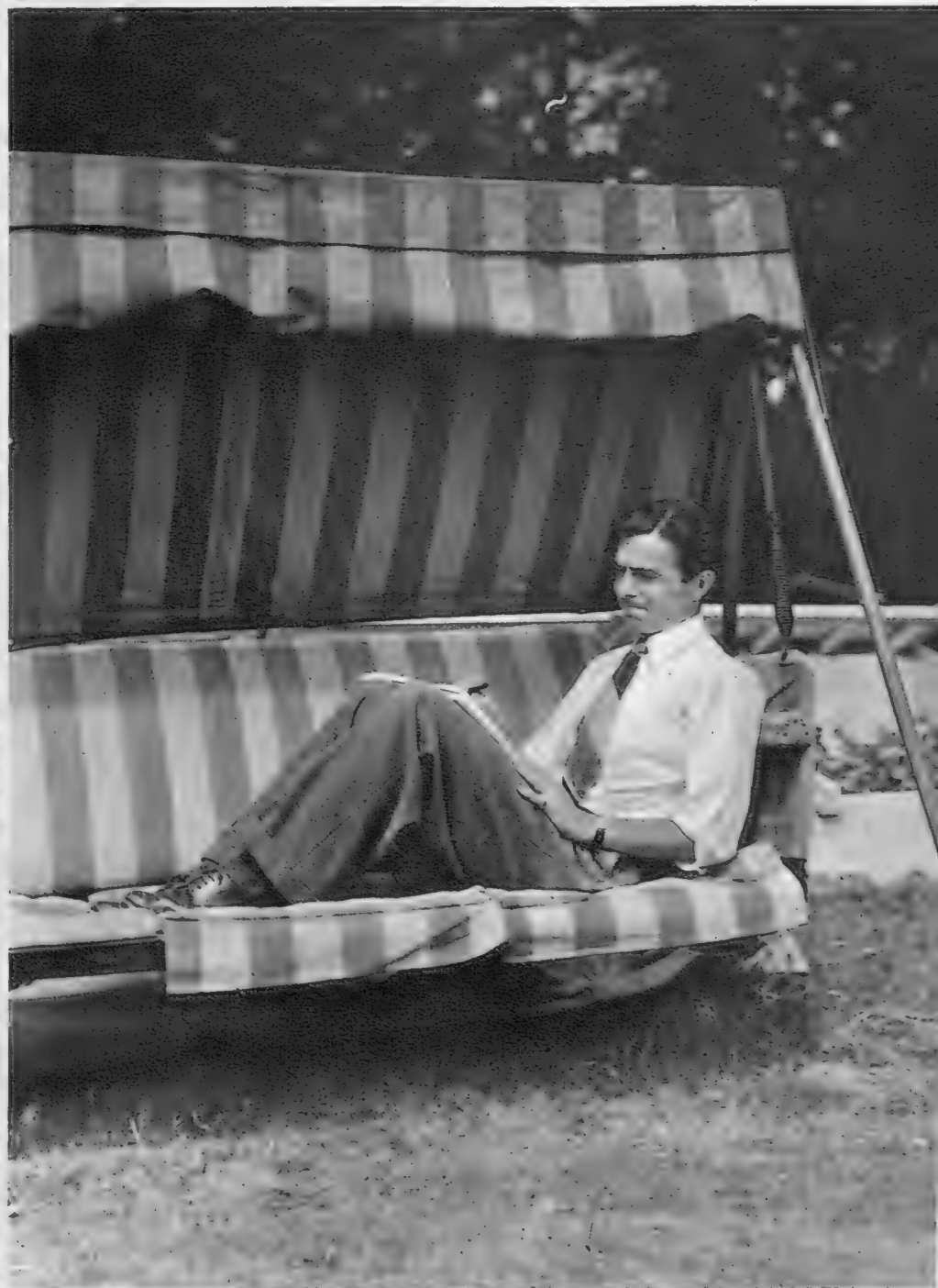
At home James sub-edits the proofs of his wife's new novel. Writing as Pamela Kellino, Mrs. Mason has already published several best-sellers

For the past few years James Mason has been steadily building a fine international reputation in British films. His portrait of "The Man in Grey" was voted the best performance of 1943, and since then he has had great personal success as the villainous Lord Manderstoke in *Fanny by Gaslight*. He is now busy on an entirely different characterisation—that of the kindly retired draper of the early nineteen-hundreds around whom the story of Sir Osbert Sitwell's *A Place of One's Own* revolves. His wife is perhaps better known as actress-authoress Pamela Kellino. Two of her books have already been published, and two more are due in the autumn. It was one of her earliest scripts—*I Met a Murderer*—that first brought James Mason and Pamela Kellino together. They are to appear together in another film, *They Were Sisters*, which is now being made at Gaithersburg. In this Pamela Kellino has the role of James Mason's daughter

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



The raspberries yielded a particularly fine harvest this year



James does a little sketching in his spare time. He is a clever caricaturist, and is designing the covers of his wife's new books, "The Blinds Are Down" and "Ignoramus Ignoramus"

Family Album



Compton Collier
Mrs. Tom Waterlow was photographed at Wistaria Cottage, her home at Amersham, with her sons, Gerald and Simon. Before her marriage to G/Capt. Thomas Gordon Waterlow, she was Miss Elizabeth Robinson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Robinson, of Bix, Henley-on-Thames. Her husband is the younger son of the late Sir William Waterlow, K.B.E., former Lord Mayor of London



Marcus Adams
Mrs. W. W. Dowding has two small daughters, Caroline and Camilla, and their home is Weston House, Weston Corbett, Basingstoke. Mrs. Dowding, who works for the Red Cross, was formerly Miss Francescette Shaw, and her husband, Capt. W. W. Dowding, is in the Welsh Guards



Marcus Adams
Mrs. Douglas Pilkington was Miss Vivien M. Baker before her marriage to Capt. Douglas Pilkington, R.A. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Barnard Baker, at whose home, Tunworth Down House, Basingstoke, she and her children, Ian, Fiona and Jane, are at present living. Capt. Pilkington is serving with the C.M.F. in Italy



Marcus Adams
Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. Arthur Tudor Darley are seen here with Lt.-Cdr. Darley's son by his first marriage. Mrs. Darley was Miss Elspeth Macmichael, and was married in 1941. Her husband is the only son of the late Cdr. A. T. Darley, R.N., and Mrs. Oswald Hunt. He is a grandson of Major-Gen. Sir Henry May, and a cousin of Lord Wynford

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Unwise Guy

THE German word for "clever" is *klug*. What is someone who puts his head into a noose when there is a very Wise Guy standing by ready, and able, to pull the string! Perhaps, however, this is unkind, because a present situation bears all the marks of the Military Genius who has told us that he knows his Von Clausewitz backwards, but, in spite of all the lore that he has imbibed, has already procured for his armies Stalingrad and Estonia, to mention just a couple of his intuitions? There is a good old saying that a drunken man gets sober, but that a damned fool never gets wise! It is so true!

They Say

Nor very much, which is all to the good, when there is not very much to say! Chatter for chatter's sake is almost as boring as listening to an orator with a "bull upon his tongue," who is so weighed down by this fact that he prefers to use ten words where two would punch his point home twice as hard. One of the things "they" say is that Abbots Fell ought to have won that 1 mile Eton Stakes at Ascot on the 7th. Since it was obvious that all the other jockeys in the race absolutely threw it at Elliott on His Excellency, such a remark is not informative. Any coachman in that race who had condescended to make the pace true could have won it. Elliott, seeing that it was to be only a 6-furlong contest, helped himself. I therefore say (a) discard His Excellency's form in toto, and (b) do the same thing where Abbots Fell is concerned, for this absurd race does not influence his Champion Stakes chance one iota. It was almost as bad a crawl as the Derby, and that is saying a very great deal. Miss Dorothy Paget is said to be intending to run her Tornadic colt by Solario in the Middle Park. He never had to be out of a canter, as the saying is, to win the Dorney Plate (Division II.) 6 furlongs at Ascot. He had nothing worth a tinker's malediction behind him; he is better bred than Dante, so, I suppose, the adventure is well worth the candle. What are they going to call

him? I suggest Sun Spot, for those things are supposed to have to do with tempests and other such disturbances. Alternatively, how about Typhoon? It is a very popular name at the moment with everyone excepting the members of the pariah nation. Antonio Solario was an Italian fourteenth-century painter, and the descendants of the great horse named after



Cricket Captains

Mr. C. Ashton was captain of the Worcestershire XI. and F/Lt. W. R. Hammond captained the All-England R.A.F. team when they met in a friendly game at the Worcester County cricket ground in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund



Eve, Brentwood

Birthday Congratulations

Mr. E. L. Healey, until recently M.F.H. of the Essen Union Hunt, was congratulated by Col. K. Laurie on reaching the age of ninety. Mr. Healey has lived at Ingrave, Essen, for seventy-seven years

him have usually been stickers. Dante's sire, Nearco, on the other hand, has Wop blood, and, so far, has not produced a genuine stayer. Nasrullah is one of his sons, and during his racing career was full of Italian courage.

Gordon Still Favourite

TEHRAN's price—that is to say, Gordon Richards's price—for the Leger is 5 to 1, very short odds under the circumstances and on the facts disclosed in the Derby. Borealis, the form horse, is at 7 to 1, which may be generous, and two others, which I am sure are natural stayers, Hycilla and Ocean Swell, are at 8 to 1 and 7 to 1 respectively. I believe that it is good advice to recommend Hycilla each way and a similar investment about Ocean Swell. Hycilla won the Oaks absolutely in her own time, which was a shade better than Ocean Swell's in that falsely-run Derby, in which all the time was made up in the last 6 furlongs. There is no question in my mind as to which was the better performance, and I suggest that we erase that neck, head and inches finish from the tablets of our memory.

(Concluded on page 244)



Opening a Horse Show in Staffordshire

The Countess of Bradford opened the Penkridge District Horse Show and Gymkhana, held recently in aid of the Red Cross Agricultural Fund. With her at the microphone is Capt. G. E. P. Thorneycroft, M.P. for Stafford, and Mr. J. R. Jameson, who was chairman of the Show



Presenting a Cup at Malvern Horse Show

Pauline Mason, on Susanna, won the event for the best pony ridden by a child under fourteen at Malvern Horse Show and Pony Gymkhana, held in aid of charity. She received the cup from Countess Beauchamp, while Mrs. C. R. Whittington (the former Miss Jackie Hance) and Mr. F. Unwin, two of the judges, looked on



Cricket: Tonbridge School v. the Old Tonbridgians

The match between Tonbridge and the Old Tonbridgians ended in a draw. Players were: First row: Major R. C. Hubbard, M. R. Smith, Capt. J. C. Hubbard, D. H. Allen, R. H. Marriott, G. B. Taylor, N. Boucher, D. G. Alexander. Middle row: Povey, Lt. Albertini, P. J. Bathurst, Lt.-Col. W. Brice, P. Roche, H. C. A. Gaunt, D. G. Healey, M. F. Wiles, S/Ldr. J. Connell, Mr. S. Knowles. Back row: M. D. Hildred, R. M. H. Marriott, D. H. Evans, J. A. Dew, H. L. Young, G. P. Bowler.



Caddies in Uniform at Hadley Wood

Wanda Morgan had Lt. W. B. Syson as her caddy, and Kathleen Garnham's clubs were carried by Sgt. E. D. Keely when they played in the "Daily Sketch" War Relief Fund match. They were partnered respectively by Sam King and Alfred Padgham.

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Abbots Fell, a non-stayer, was fourth; Orestes, who barely gets a mile, was sixth, fairly close up in a race run to suit him. As has been said before, I think that it will be a measure of common prudence to keep our eyes well skinned where Rockefeller is concerned, especially if that little genius Harry Wragg is on his back, as I suppose he will be. We shall know shortly before September 16th what's doing, as the market will be bound to say something, at least, I should think so. In the meanwhile someone has cabled me from Nairobi wanting to know what is going to win the Leger. I have done my pisonnest to tell him.

Letters also have arrived from Africa and India, but these I am afraid must be held over till next week for want of space. All racing in India has been banned for the duration, on account of the rail transport difficulties which are anticipated during the coming cold weather campaigning season. I gather the ban has caused no surprise.

Racing Puzzle Corner

My young friend Angela Hannaford, née Jennings, who used to ride work for Jack Jarvis and is now driving a Y.M.C.A. canteen, was the second to spot from the photograph of Ocean Swell, which appeared in this page after he had won the Derby, why he might have lost the race if anyone interested had seen what happened. The *Jockey Club Rules of Racing XXI* 151 (vi), say that a jockey must not touch (except accidentally) any person or thing, other than his own equipment, before weighing in, and that, if he does, his horse is disqualified. He must not, for instance, shake hands with anyone! Anyway, here is my young friend's letter which, apart from being interesting, I am sure will intrigue her many soldier enthusiasts to see in print:

Funnily enough, I was going to write to you re your "Puzzle Corner" note ages ago, but it slipped my memory.

I said to a friend when I saw the photo. of Ocean Swell being led in: "Good Lord, if Frank Butters had seen that he would have got the Derby for Tehran!"

I can't remember the wording of the Rule in question, but is it not a fact that the jockey must not touch anybody or anything until he's weighed in?

I seem to remember this question arising when Gerry Wilson won the National on Golden Miller. Didn't another jockey rush out on the course to congratulate him when he'd pulled up, and because he shook hands there would have been an objection?

I expect masses of people noticed the photo. of Ocean Swell, but it seems no one saw it at the time.

I have also heard from Captain E. Giles Bates, Heatheridge, Humshaugh, Northumberland, who

says that although Ocean Swell's jockey clearly rendered the horse liable to disqualification, the Stewards would probably have held that he was "justified by extraordinary circumstances." If any objection had not been time-barred at the time of my original note, I should not have drawn attention to the little slip.

From the Transvaal

A RACING enthusiast, a temporary exile (C. W. Selby, Nth Air School, Pietersberg, North Transvaal), sends me the following interesting letter, showing how eagerly those who are away in the back-of-beyond follow racing in this country.

Being away from dear old Blighty for these past three years, I have naturally lost touch with the form at home, so you can well imagine how I look forward to seeing how the racehorses are progressing.

He then goes on, after a reference to Persian Gulf, to tell us something about the studs in South Africa, and writes:

I really had intended telling you my experience out here, where I have spent some wonderful leaves at some well-known studs out here and seen such as Satyr (now dead), Sadri, Covenden, Silvermere,

Salmon Leap, Salmon Trout, Cockpen, Pigling Bland, Jubie, and last, but not least, Valerius, and a host of others.

I saw two yearlings, filly and colt, sold for 1000 guineas each, which is a fabulous price out here, and they were both by the late Sir Abe Bailey's horse Valerius. Both have failed to win or finish in the first three in their T.Y.O. days and the filly is now graded as a "galloway," which just goes to show what a speculation "yearlings" really are.

I had quite a nice time on the Bailey estate, Clewer House.

Mr. A. L. Robertson, one of the breeders out here, bought an old mare, Contrary Mary, who was in foal to Fennimore Cooper. Result a colt, Mohican, who fetched 1625 guineas at the Rand yearling sales held in Johannesburg (1943).

Kallitype (Covenden-Sepia), bred by Mr. S. Silcock at his Starston stud, was sold for 165 guineas at the 1942 sales, and proved himself 14 lb. superior to the next best T.Y.O. and only finished unplaced once in twelve T.Y.O. races. So cheerio for now, and I sincerely hope you have a few more winners to send us!

So do I! The season so far has been an unkind one to the Prophets. Try Hycilla as an each-way bet for the Leger. I think she will prove the best in the whole basket.



Out Riding in Surrey

Mr. A. E. Berry, seen with his wife, breeds and trains racehorses privately on his home farm estate of 550 acres at Charlwood, Surrey. He is chairman and managing director of various companies which are working for the Ministry of Food and also producing Penicillin.

Badminton Pony Races and Gymkhana

(Continued from page 235)



Sir Christopher and Lady Codrington came together. They have a place near Badminton



Here is Mrs. S. A. Cuff, the Hon. Secretary, to whom the success of the day was largely due



Lady Jane Nelson, who rode in the Beaufort Hunt Cup, brought her daughter, Jennifer



Miss Leslie Rooke, daughter of Major Rooke, the Duke of Beaufort's agent, rode her horse Nigger



Miss C. Tremayne, on Johnnie, won the Badminton Cup from Miss D. Burr on Molly



Judges for the Pony Races were Lord Knutsford and Mr. C. A. Chillingworth



Wearing cowboy hats were Mrs. Sam Hartman and Mrs. Claude Graham-White



Photographs by Stuebe
Lady Rosemary Nutting brought her small daughter to see the fun

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Memory

"Be it remembered," says General Sir Ian Hamilton, on an early page of *Listening for the Drums* (Faber and Faber; 18s.), "my memoirs are not written for the sake of telling the truth about India or anything else, but simply to let off steam in case my old boilers should explode. In this pious duty *le bon Dieu* helps me by having given me a curious analytical memory of objects or thoughts as they struck me long ago."

This definition of his own kind of memory could hardly be bettered. Exactly this explains (at least, where I am concerned) the attractiveness of *Listening for the Drums*. Sir Ian seems, as he writes, not so much to re-create but to inhabit naturally a fresh, perpetual, vivid present. Applied to these many scenes, of which nothing seems to be lost, "long ago" becomes an unmeaning term. Convictions, fashions, ethics, manners in war and peace have, it is true, changed since then—for the worse, I grow more inclined to believe (Sir Ian himself never denounces change, nor condemns, even by implication, the world in which he now finds himself). But the essentials of living—adventurousness, hope, fear, love, curiosity—are immortal; and it is with these that Sir Ian deals. He does, as he says he has wished to, let off steam—though quietly, without fury. But still more, though he disavows this as his first object, he tells, the unchanging truth.

Readers of *When I was a Boy* will recall how almost uncannily its author recaptured the sensations of being young. *Listening for the Drums* is the second volume of Sir Ian's autobiography: in this, having left the boy, we begin with the subaltern, going out to India to join the 92nd Gordon Highlanders (to which, at his wish, this being his father's regiment, he had been transferred from the 12th [Suffolk] Regiment) in 1873. Keenness, anxiety, elation and some few errors—such as that of the choice as bearer of the unspeakable Teppoo—can seldom have been better drawn. Nor can the ups and downs of a first Simla season—a glance at the photograph of Miss Sally Graham explains why one young head went round and round. (Are women less beautiful nowadays?) More quietly piquant, though hardly, I thought, less attractive, appears Miss Amy Baly—but she was the fiancée of Major George White of Ours. As for the "Pardon me, Madam," incident, it deserves a place in *Plain Tales from the Hills*.

Battles Long Ago

I HAVE spoken first, and I tried to suggest the quality, of the personal aspect of *Listening for the Drums*. This individual note persists to the last page. But underlying it, as one would expect from General Sir Ian Hamilton, is a continuous critique of the art of war. Early campaigns have now the benefit of his mature reflection. The book (here I use the publishers' correct

summary) covers twenty-five years of active service in India, and takes in the Afghan War and the cavalry charge in the Chardeh Valley, the battle of Majuba Hill, the Nile River Expedition, that little-known battle of Kibbekan just before the news arrived that Gordon was dead, the last phase of the Burma War, and the occupation of Mandalay by a British force under Lord Roberts, also the Chitral and Tirah campaigns on the North-West Frontier.

In these days, inevitably, we know more of the point of view of the temporary soldier (in whom civilian values, though for the time being buried, are ever-present) than we do of that of the pure, professional soldier. Sir Ian's early reaction to news of war, and his fixed estimation of war as a thing in itself, should be quoted:

So when later on news of war with the Boers came to Benares, it struck upon me not in the least as it is supposed (by novelists and film authors) to strike, viz.: as a blow, a misfortune. Nor, as I see written by a Princess in *The Times*, was it a case of "Only to a tiny minority—if there be such a minority—can war exist for war's sake." On the contrary, war put me very nearly out of my mind with delight. . . .

All males fight other males of their kind, and, in the case of human beings, will club together and put themselves under authority to do so more effectively. Women are differently built. They will (as a rule) put their backs into a fight only to defend the nest, or the nursery. As for me at Benares, I was drunk with joy. Now I should see the bare, clean, naked struggle for life. . . . All that may seem sheer wickedness to the Princess in *The Times*, but at least my enthusiasm was not fouled by the economic lusts of profiteers. No thoughts of promotion, loot



Lt. John Paddy Carstairs, R.N.V.R., whose new novel, "*No Music in the Nightingale*," has just been published, is serving in the Royal Naval film section. One of his peacetime activities was directing films, amongst them "*Spare a Copper*," with George Formby, "*The Saint in London*," with George Sanders, and "*He Found a Star*," starring Vic Oliver and Sarah Churchill

or even of glory muddled the purity of my sentiment, which was made up, so far as I can analyse it, of about equal proportions of professional curiosity and sheer love of danger. To my mind this was, and will be, the spirit of the British Rank and File—the finest fighting men in the world—the old spirit of the race which Geneva only denied because they could not comprehend it. . . .

We are apt to forget that for good or evil there is, and remains, a definite difference in the man who has been over the top and has really fought, and the man who has never of his own free will subjected himself to terrible dangers. Regarding man as a money-making machine, we know that war fatally interrupts the process. Does it give him anything in return which will account for the sense of superiority with which . . . the chauffeur, gardener, butler, valet, who has passed through the fiery furnace, regards his profiteer Boss who has kept himself out of it and now gives his orders . . . ? War . . . is an ordeal, and the man who has been through it adds to his self-esteem.

Is the above to be denounced as "militarism," or accepted as realism? It is not for me, as a woman, to say—but I feel the latter. But, of course, the key to the whole passage (to be read, as I cannot give it, in its entirety) is the stress that Sir Ian lays on the element of *free will*.

Background

"LISTENING FOR THE DRUMS" will, I imagine, command close attention as being a study of the effects of (a) politics, and (b) rivalry in military high quarters on the conduct of campaigns. The Wolseley-Roberts situation

(Concluded on page 210)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

THIS is a grouching article; so don't read it if you feel

on the top of the world and that even Hitler is only one of God's naughty children. It is about people. I have come to the conclusion that the longer one lives the more one dislikes people—as people. Those you love are not people, of course. Neither are those who at first sight stir the imagination. People are the human herd which always seems to be everywhere and buzzes about like flies. There come moments when you really get very tired of them. They talk so much about nothing; they seem incapable of doing anything alone or doing it silently. Gregarious and garrulous they always appear, metaphorically speaking, frightened of going home.

And are they plainer than they used to be; or is it that living longer makes one more particular? In any case, the general norm appears to be peculiarly dull and uninteresting, psychologically speaking and from outside appearances. And strangely enough, there seem to be so many more of them in wartime when, mathematically, there should be fewer! The streets are overcrowded; places of entertainment jammed; the pubs are packed. Country roads have become a racing-track for lorries; the trains bulge with passengers; hotels are invariably full-up and one is fortunate if one hasn't to queue up for a sausage-and-mash. Often it seems a spiritual relief, therefore, to pop in somewhere and bolt the door.

I too am, of course, one of the herd. But one is incapable of seeing oneself like that, I suppose. It is almost impossible to be quite objective; for, after all, nothing exists for me—if I don't! Love and friendship may envelop us in the universal consciousness; but apart from one's deeper affections we play a lone hand in a strange game of solitaire.

This "reclusiveness" (I am sorry to have coined this word) is a sign of age, I am sure. To the young, every fresh face is a novelty and you can't have too many of them. Moreover, the mere sound of human voices is stimulating to the youthful, and if they can't hear them they turn on the radio at full blast. The main difficulty among the elderly is to get away from voices. Well, they are having a thin time at the moment!

War forces almost everybody to do everything in a crowd. Indeed, one of the unspoken blessings of peace will be that this crowd will disintegrate and we can go more or less our own way alone, or with whom we will. That will indeed be very peaceful. Those who still want a lot of one another can continue to find each other by the score. And wander through Arcadian surroundings in happy herds—and not see a thing! Never mind! That leaves Arcady to the elderly who, perhaps because they are not, physically speaking, of it, appreciate spiritually all that it signifies in joy and beauty the more. As those who have perforce to gaze through bars into Paradise always do.

Tennis International

Great Britain, Australia and the U.S.A.

Compete for the Riseley Cup



Sir Leonard Lyle, M.P. for Bournemouth, a former Wimbledon player, and father of Mrs. Glover, the Wightman Cup international, watched the games with Col. Stenhouse, ex-chairman of the West Hants. Tennis Club, where the matches took place

● Bournemouth celebrated the lifting of the coastal ban by two days of international tennis in aid of the Red Cross. The principal draw was the first match between Australia, Great Britain and the U.S.A. since Wimbledon 1939. Mr. A. H. Riseley, chairman of the Executive Committee at Wimbledon, presented a miniature Davis Cup, and acted as referee, supported by several L.T.A. officials

Photographs by D. R. Stuart



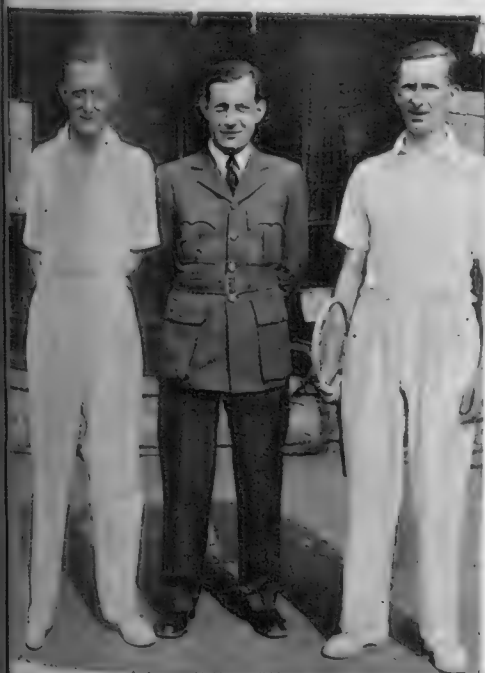
Four famous women performers there were Miss Margot Lumb, Mrs. Bostock (Jean Nicoll), Mrs. Menzies (Kay Stammers) and Mrs. Vivian (Peggy Scriven)



Right: Mr. Harvey Gibson, Commissioner of the American Red Cross in Europe, with his wife and his Aide, Mr. T. McDougal, came to support the U.S.A. team, who won the tennis international by 45 games to 43



Above are Dr. Wilson, Miss Cleather, secretary of the All-England Tennis Club; Mr. A. H. Riseley, chairman of the Executive Committee at Wimbledon and donor of the cup; and Mr. H. A. Sabelli, secretary of the Lawn Tennis Association of Great Britain



Great Britain's team for the Riseley Cup were G. Pat Hughes, the Davis Cup international and our finest doubles player, recently invalided out of the R.A.F.; S/Ldr. Daniel Maskell, who won all the matches he played; and Henry Billington, the Wiltshire farmer, who partnered Hughes in the doubles



The Australian Riseley Cup team were all young operational pilots with no experience of play in this country, who put up an excellent performance. In front: R/O. R. Felan (junior champion of Australia in 1939), F/O. Gordon Schwartz. Behind: F/Lt. Bruce Miles (captain), Sgt. Pain



The United States, who won the Riseley International Trophy, was represented by (in front) Lt. Frank Shields, Mr. R. McDougal (non-playing captain) and (behind) Lt. Charles Mattman, U.S.N., and Sgt. Charles Hare, U.S.A.A.F. They scored 45 games to Great Britain's 43

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 232)

run of bad luck for his stable by making his first appearance on a race-course since the war, won with Court Martial, a very speedy newcomer by Fair Trial—Instantaneous and Thorn Wood by Bois Roussel—Point Duty. The Hon. Dorothy Paget, whose coat one imagines must be air-conditioned, so impervious does she seem to extremes of climate, had her quota of winners in Queen Christina colt by Mieuxce and Tornadic colt by that great old sire, Solario.

Among the Racegoers

MORE and more people from the stage and film worlds come racing. Mr. Mark Ostrer won another race with Advocate, beautifully turned out by the erstwhile steeplechase jockey and trainer, Dudley Williams; Bud Flanagan ran West Fell, who probably didn't like the going as hard as it was; Vic Oliver fancied Berenicia quite a bit; and Mr. Jack Hylton was delighted with the running of his grand colt, Elysium, who ran second to Isle of Capri. It was virtually his first time out, and he has improved enormously in appearance since his startling debut at an earlier Ascot meeting. The stage was also represented by Colette Harrison, who was acting in *Something in the Air* until it was withdrawn, and Hermione Baddeley's clever young daughter, Pauline Tennant, whose next part is in Esther McCracken's new play, *No Medals*.

Others seen were the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, whose Baron Clun started favourite but ran disappointingly; Lord and Lady Irwin; Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles and her young sister, Miss Violet de Trafford; Sir Percy Loraine; Capt. Boyd-Rochford's nephew, Major David McCall, who was all through the African campaign and went on to Italy with the Eighth Army; Mrs. Dennis Eccles, also from Ireland; Capt. George Cordy-Simpson and his wife, who was Miss Patricia Macgillicuddy until their very recent marriage; Mr. and Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, who have received instructions from Mr. Gordon Roll, P.O.W. since 1940, to buy him twenty yearlings, which shows what he thinks of Germany's chances; Mrs. Penn Curzon-Howe, very cool-looking in a white suit; Mrs. Donald Standage, waging determined war on the "books"; Mr. and Mrs. "Atty" Persse, who have the heart-felt sympathy of the whole racing world over the loss of their only son, Lt. John Persse, of the Rifle Brigade, who was killed in action in Italy whilst most gallantly trying to save a wounded Rifleman; and an officer of the Eighth Army with a Basutoland shoulder flash drawing nineteen pounds-odd from the Tote.

Victory Garden Fête

TWELVE villages all contributed to the success of the Victory Garden Week Fête organised by Mrs. W. H. Miller, Hon. Area Secretary to the Rural Pennies Section of the Red Cross in aid of the Joint War Organisation. The Fête was held in the beautiful grounds of Mrs. Miller's home, "Avonside," Fordingbridge, and over £450 was raised during the afternoon. Each village had a stall at which was sold the produce of local industry. Lovely flowers, vegetables and fruits sold quickly, and there were beautifully hand-made bags and baskets. The Fête was opened by the Hon. Lady Cooper, and many well-known people gave their support. Amy Countess of Normanton was there; so were Lady Georgina Agar, the Hon. Mrs. Carson, Mrs. Gordon-Lennox, Lady Caroline Agar, Col. and Mrs. Knox and Mrs. Harman, the local commandant of the Red Cross.



A Wedding Ceremony in London

The marriage of Major E. Beddington Behrens, M.C., R.A., of 55, Park Lane, W., and Princess Irena Obolensky took place on August 9th at the private chapel, Russian House, 5, Brechin Place. The bride is the daughter of Prince and Princess Serge Obolensky

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 246)

is set out, and its developments traced, with a clearness which challenges criticism. The Majuba disaster and the failure to relieve Gordon, for instance, gain a background of the first interest—as one "brought up" on Majuba, George Colley having been my great-uncle, I know how much it has remained a riddle till now, and have so far studied the battle, in the frame of its time, as to be glad of Sir Ian's enlightenment. In this case, as in others, old rights and wrongs cannot but be raised, like ghosts. I imagine, however, that few can fail to appreciate Sir Ian's impartiality.

Two studies of friends, each occupying a chapter, stand out. Winston Churchill first enters the story as a young officer in the 4th Hussars; Rudyard Kipling is seen to stand up to as shrewd rebuffs as ever young writer knew. And the portrait of "Bobs" is memorable. Even apart from its author's name, the atmosphere of this book would set it above the ordinary. All through, we find the modesty, spontaneity and occasional irony of a great man.

Between Two Worlds

DIONY DE CHAUVIGNY, the young heroine of Dorothy Macardle's *The Seed was Kind* (Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.), has an over-sensitive temperament for her times. She has no defences in the internal, as well as external, conflict into which her generation has been plunged. She is seventeen in 1937; having met her first, in that year, in smiling Geneva, we leave her half-way through the 1940 London blitz. One trouble, I felt, with Diony was that she lacked contemporaries who were any help: there was, of course, Karel, the austere young Czech, but he had sufficient problems of his own. Otherwise, an impulsive Irish grandmother, Marguerite (wife, and later, widow, of idealistic Louis de Chauvigny), and an on-the-make English mother, Sybil, make a battleground of poor Diony's mental scene. And a mixed heredity probably does not help.

Her mother, who does well with the magazines, wants to mould Diony into a magazine glamour-girl. Her grandparents, in their Geneva flat, represent wider prospects and nobler aims—but, when war comes, Diony sees their world toppling, while her mother's meretricious one somehow carries on. On work for the League in Geneva, Diony, leaving school, had built up her hopes, but her mother delays her in Earl's Court till it is too late: the door to the good life slams. Her grandfather dies; her grandmother comes to London, destitute but heroic, and throws in her lot with a household of refugees. Sybil, meanwhile, is doing well with a sort of well-to-do funk-camp in Oxfordshire. The discovery that Highland Lodge not only contains an improper couple, but that her mother is the mistress of the proprietor, sends Diony flying to London, to join her grandmother and the refugees, of whose number is Toni, a temperamental young Viennese violinist.

The Seed was Kind did not appeal to me so much as did Miss Macardle's earlier novel *Uneasy Freehold*. This author, I think, excels in the study of rather special atmospheres, and her haunted house on the cliffs seemed to me more convincing than did her wartime London. This gift for the special is a strength, not a weakness, but it makes the choice of a likely subject essential. I wondered whether Miss Macardle herself realised how pre-1914 Diony was: a shade more astringency in her treatment of her heroine would, from time to time, have come in well. The beginning of the novel, with its sunshiny Swiss and Savoy scenes, was altogether delightful; and the Highland Lodge passages offered play for discreetly ferocious humour. But some of the London part, with its chorus of refugees, did, I felt, drag a little. Too many air raids in real life, as we know, are trying; too many in a book soon exhaust one's interest. However, any novel of Miss Macardle's must gain from her feeling for distinction in human nature and her flair for the unusual in a scene.

Adventure

IT was on a No. 17 bus, on the Bayswater Road, on the evening of May 10th, 1938, that Mary Bosanquet conceived the idea of riding across Canada. She not only put this project into effect, but has given us, as its result, a book that is quite delightful—*Canada Ride* (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.). A girl of twenty setting out on a horse to cover the ground from Vancouver to Montreal was unlikely to pass without comment, and Miss Bosanquet stood up with the remarkable nerve that characterises each phase of her adventures to publicity she deeply did not desire.

Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey* accompanied her, and, whether or not she intended to, she has given us a companion-piece to that classic. She writes at once with vigour and poetry: one forgets, at times, to wonder at her achievement, so struck is one by her rendering of the changing Canadian scene. Her intense feeling for movement goes into words. Acceptable everywhere, she left behind her, as she rode on and on, firm friendships and several rejected suitors. Her lack of coyness, love of people for their own sakes, and, above all, passion for lonely country, are most attractive. I recommend, with confidence, *Canada Ride*.

Kitchen-Planning

WORKING familiarity with one's own kitchen, in these last years, has taught a number of lessons. The imbecility and wastefulness of lighting, cooking, washing-up and storage arrangements, that used to look well enough from the kitchen door, have been driven in. No wonder so many cooks were cross. *Nous allons changer tout cela*—we hope. *Choose Your Kitchen*, by Adie Ballantyne (Faber and Faber; 5s.), offers timely suggestions, and should be kept to hand.



Gentlemen, "The King"

Many and varied are the traditions surrounding the drinking of the King's health in military messes. A goodly number of regiments do not toast His Majesty: others give the toast only on guest nights. So far from implying disrespect, this omission of the toast is really a mark of honour. Time was in the turbulent days when Jacobitism was still rife, when all officers were commanded to drink the King's health. But on dining in the messes of certain regiments the earlier Georges, graciously saying that the loyalty of the assembled officers was beyond question, granted the privilege of omitting the toast. Whether the toast is honoured or not, however, is no indication of past loyalty, but due rather to the accident of a casual visit from the monarch.

One of the most striking rituals is that of the Gloucester regiment—the old 28th foot. Varying the usual formula when the President rising says "Mr. Vice, the King," and the Vice President responds "Gentlemen, the King," the Vice President replies "Mr. President, the King" and no-one else speaks. The origin of this custom goes back to the Peninsular war when at the end of the day's fighting only two officers remained alive to honour the toast.

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Table Waters
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★ Temporarily giving place to the standard war time product—but Schwepes will return with victory.



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● Two-piece outfits—a short or long tailored coat worn over a more frivolous dress—are the highlights of the Rima fashion pre-view, indicative of the styles we shall be wearing in the coming autumn months. Above: Fine tweed; wine colour, with a dusty pink and blue overcheck, is worked with wine-coloured suede. Hip folds in the dress disguise useful pockets



FASHIONS FOR THE FALL



● Two-tone, two-material, contrast mark another Rima innovation. The bright red dress of fine wool has an inset front and collar of fine hopsack tweed. The full-length top-coat is of the tweed, two tones of grey being used to make a light bodice and elbow-length sleeve; cuffed and skirted with the darker shade



Announcing that we have our new autumn collection of gowns and ensembles in the Model Gown Salon...

Illustrated is an example from the dress and jacket ensembles in soft woollen material, which are so popular for the wartime wardrobe, being both smart and practical. A wise investment for coupons... the dress can be worn under a fur coat later in the season.

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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

Two men went round election canvassing together. One had an eloquent tongue, and the other carried a book in which he recorded the result of each interview. As the latter was very deaf he had to rely on his companion for information as to whether the voter was "For" or "Against."

After they had been out some time, they called at a house in which lived a householder who had decided opinions of his own, and the canvasser could make no headway with him. At last the householder lost his temper and kicked him down the front steps. He fell at the feet of his colleague, who, book open and pencil ready, inquired, "'For' or 'Against'?"

THE small boy had just asked his father "Where did I come from, daddy?" and although feeling rather embarrassed, his father felt this was the moment to explain the facts of life to him. The boy seemed to listen very attentively, and at the end of the explanation his father asked him, "What made you ask, son?"

The boy was playing with an aeroplane model and replied casually, "Oh, nothing specially, dad, 'cept I heard the new boy at school say he came from Brighton and I wondered where I came from."

La Marseillaise, Algiers, recently published a Franco-English dictionary of some French expressions translated by American soldiers in North Africa. Here are some examples:

"Bonne nuit"—night-nurse.
 "Ca va sans dire"—he walks without talking.
 "Défense d'afficher"—no fishing.
 "Femme de ménage"—a woman of my age.
 "Hors de combat"—war horse.
 "Mal de mer"—mother's trunk.
 "Hors d'œuvre"—out of work.
 "Pas de deux"—father of twins.
 "Pied à terre"—one foot in the grave.
 "Soupçon"—dinner is ready.

Two glass bottles, recovered from under the foundation stone of the West India Docks during demolition work, were opened at a meeting of the Port of London Authority. They contained a manuscript record and coins.

A similar "buried treasure" stayed put for a much shorter period. It was removed by a workman the night after the laying of the stone. But the theft was seen and the man arrested and brought to trial.

Defending counsel argued that the coins were not intended to remain under the stone permanently and that, as their former owners had not specified who was to take them away, they belonged to the first finder. The prosecution retorted that they had been deposited for posterity.

"Then all that has happened is a mistake," said the defence. "Posterity came too soon."

THE Sunday-school teacher was telling the class a Bible story.

"Elijah built an altar and piled wood on it," he said, "then he cut up the bullock in pieces and laid them on top. Next, he ordered the people to fill four barrels with water and pour it on the altar. Now, can any one tell me why all this was poured over the bullock on the altar?"

Up spoke a bright boy from the class.

"To make lots of gravy," he said.

A PRETTY girl stopped a well-known actor outside the theatre and asked for his autograph. She had a short chat with him, gave him a charming smile, and left.

Next day he received a letter from the "fan." She reminded him of their "romantic meeting," and added: "To mark the occasion, perhaps you could oblige me with a couple of seats?"

The actor replied: "I should love to send you two seats as a memento, but unfortunately I find upon examination that they are all screwed down."



Betty Stockfeld has until recently been playing the part of Lady Farfield originally created by Jane Carr in the Priestley play "How Are They At Home?" She is well known for her film work and appeared in a number of British and French films before the war. She was in fact engaged in an Italian film in Rome when war was declared. Miss Stockfeld speaks four languages and has done valuable service broadcasting to French prisoners in Germany. She has also worked voluntarily in a munition factory.

BROWN is a rotten sort of chap. I asked him to lend me two pounds for a few days, and he absolutely refused.

"My dear fellow, this club's full of men like that. I'm another of them."

*Pomeroy
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"So fair,
 She takes the breath of men away
 Who gaze upon her unaware."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.



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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

High and Low

HERE is one of the mysteries of aviation. When ponderous persons talk about flying and flying machines they usually contrive to make some kind of blunder. But when light and flippant persons talk about the same subjects they display a remarkable and expert knowledge. For instance if you see an aircraft portrayed in a strip cartoon it will be fundamentally correct though appropriately exaggerated or distorted. If you read of an aircraft in the "serious" documents the Government pours out upon us, it will almost always be incorrect.

The man who gets up and abuses strip cartoons, is the one who makes the most egregious blunders on the subjects—aeronautical or other—with which they deal. It almost appears as if the light-hearted vulgarian (I number myself among the vulgarians though not the light-hearted ones) is more in tune with the times and their achievements, than are the weighty wielders of power and profundity. I cannot believe that those who do not know what an aeroplane looks like and who are completely ignorant of how it flies, are really well suited to arranging Great Britain's future in the air unless they take good advice and stick to it. And even then I think it would do them good if they would sometimes travel by air.

Free Air

FOR these reasons it might be worth while offering free air travel to all who wish to play a part in organizing it (which includes at the start every Member of Parliament). After all, we are lavish these days with free things: free education, free subsistence, free medical service and free holidays, so why not free air travel? We have not yet realized (though Lord Glasgow hinted at it in the House of Lords the other day) that when we say "free" we mean "paid for by somebody else." The State is now the socialistic synonym for a bottomless purse and it was with a shock that some of us read that the State "has no money, and does no work."

But if we do believe that the British Commonwealth of Nations must depend in the future to a large extent upon air transport for its well-being, then the case for free air travel is as sound as the case for free anything else. It is wonderful what a trip round the aerodrome will do in stimulating enthusiasm for flying in even the loftiest intelligence. It provides the practical touch without which the problems of subsidies and chosen instruments are abstract inanities.

An apt story bearing on this is related in a recent report on the teaching of mathematics to physicists. J. J. Thomson told how one of his pupils failed to show the smallest interest in mathematics until they came to the subject of collisions between elastic spheres. He then pointed out to him how the mathematics of the subject defined the rules he used at billiards for playing certain shots. As the pupil was a keen billiards player, he suddenly caught an enthusiasm for mathematics. It is just the same with the problems of civil aviation. Let their practical application be shown, and those who are concerned with them will at once become more interested.

Air-Ships but not Airships

THE shipping companies, by appointing Major Mayo as their aeronautical consultant, have shown that they know where sound advice is to be had. It would be appropriate if they paid special attention to a kind of aircraft in which I believe Major Mayo has a more than passing interest, the large-size flying boat. The flying boat is the aerial descendant of the ship which is why I hope that the Royal Navy also will take notice of it. It is, at the moment, suffering neglect in this country mainly because the landplane of equivalent power can out-perform it in speed and climb. It was thought at first that flying boats would be needed for ocean patrol and anti-submarine work; but the very long-range landplane has shown itself capable of doing these duties. For civil work, however, I think that the flying boat may yet have something very important to say. An American company is proposing to build a 400 passenger landplane. And I do not suggest that we yet know how far one can go in size with landplanes. But I would guess that the flying boat—with given design and operating knowledge—could always be made bigger than the landplane.

Brassey

THE outlook of the shipping companies on air transport is the subject of a chapter in the latest edition (1944) of *Brassey's Naval Annual*. It is by Sir Archibald Hurd and it makes some good points about the probable future developments. The General Council of British Shipping has put it that private enterprise, as represented by shipowners, could not compete against such a subsidized monopoly (monopoly of subsidy only) as the British Overseas Airways Corporation. It has also claimed that a single national corporation could not achieve in the air anything comparable with what private enterprise had achieved at sea. It might have added that there is also the danger that a single national corporation will not experiment but will keep to a single line of development. In other words it might neglect the flying boat because more immediate results seem likely from the landplane. I do hope that the shipping companies will consider the flying boat.



To Lecture in the U.S.A.

W/Cdr. P. J. Simpson, D.F.C., R.A.F., a wing leader of the 2nd Tactical Air Force, is to make a lecture tour of America. He was a fighter pilot in the Battle of Britain, and has had experience of invasion operations.

PAULETTE GODDARD IN PARAMOUNT PICTURES



Pan-Cake

BRAND

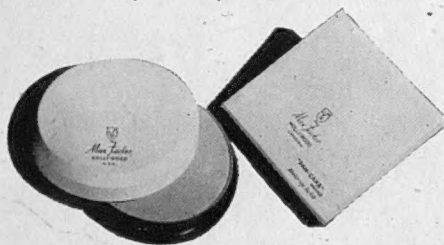
MAKE-UP

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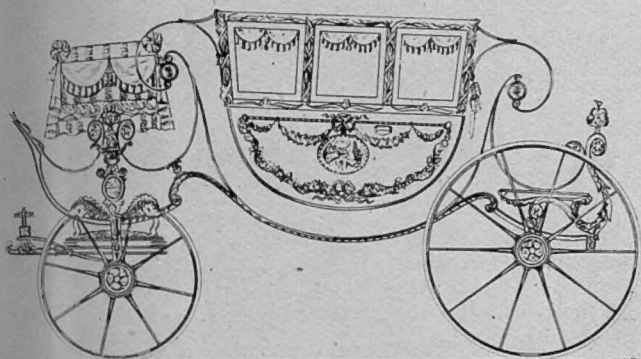
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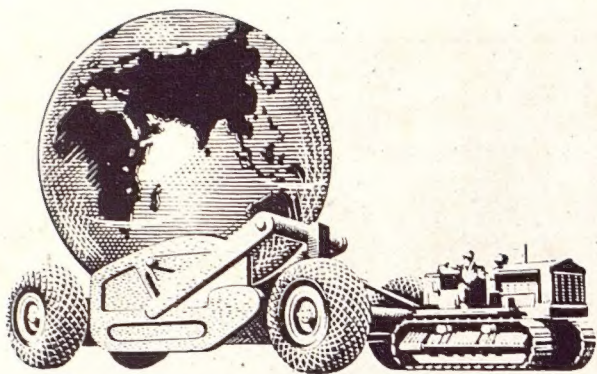


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[photo Gainsborough]

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